

"NOBLY PLANNED."

BY M. B. MANWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE BENTS OF BATTERSBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEMPTER'S TRIUMPH.



HE grey dawn was creeping up in the eastern sky, and the air was chill, but Geoff had never moved from the chair in which his sisters had left him the night before. Over the mantelpiece hung Uncle Phil's portrait, and in the paling lamplight the eyes of the picture looked anxiously and reproachfully down on the fierce struggle going on between a human soul and the Tempter.

On the table near him lay a narrow strip of paper, on which Geoff's eyes were fixed now and again with a species of guilty hunger. While he thus gazed a terrible temptation dangled itself before him.

Why had Barbara set down her figures in that slipshod fashion with the wide, inviting space between? It was all her fault; nobody but Barbara was to blame, persisted Geoff, as again and again the pencil in his fingers traced in air, above the cheque, a figure, and always the same figure. How easily it might be slipped in between the "50" and the "£"! And what a lot of difference it would make to him! Seven hundred and fifty pounds! Why, it would clear off every single debt, and leave more than a comfortable margin over. And once cleared, Geoff speciously dreamed that he would start afresh, and do better, a thousand times better. How good it would all be!

But what on earth were those words buzzing in his brain, "Keep innocence, and take heed unto the thing that is right: for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Wasn't that in the Psalms, somewhere? He seemed to hear Nell's soft voice crooning the verse, or was it Daisy, reading to her mother when the long day's work was done? Poor little Daisy! She and her mother should have their sadly-wanted due, and—surely to do so much good it would be no great harm to slip in that one little figure? The girls never would miss nor be aware even of the act until they were about to marry—if they ever did marry. Then Geoff himself might be in a position to give each of them by turns the paltry sum needed for a trousseau and house-plenishing.

Bringing his hand down on the table with a bang, Geoff muttered sternly, "I'll do it!"

"Good-bye, girls, all of you! You've been awfully good, Barbara." Geoff squeezed his eldest sister's hand hard.

He was setting out from the Round House, on his return to London.

"Don't be long in writing," called out Nell pleadingly, as Geoff stooped to kiss her.

"Pity you won't see the prince of bankers at Albury when you go to cash your cheque!" said Anne of Cleves, teasingly. She was furtively pinching Nell's elbow, and lost the startled look in Geoff's face, which gleamed wan in the searching morning sunlight.

With a hasty wrench, he twisted himself from his sisters' embraces, and tramped off Albury way, an eager purpose making his heart beat with loud throbs.

"I hope he will get the money all right," said Barbara, shading her blue eyes to watch the disappearing figure. "I'm glad now I gave in."

"Poor old Geoff! He will have a new start now,



"He is no less our Geoff!" persisted Nell

and do better, God helping him!" softly murmured Nell.

That night was for ever after framed in lurid memories for Geoff Cleeve. It was the occasion of a plunge into a mad carnival. His pockets full, he paid off his so-called debts of honour grandly, and was immediately converted into a King Croesus by his sycophantic associates. From one frenzied pleasure to another they hurried him, and after that night Geoff lost all the slender remnant of conscience he had possessed. To follow him through the sinful career, that lasted just so long as did his ill-gotten money, would not be profitable.

While the Cleeve girls contentedly pictured Geoff's feet set once again in the straight and narrow way, the eyes of Daisy Rivers grew more and more wistful over his deeper downfall.

August was closing in, amid a succession of disastrous storms and floods such as the country had scarcely ever known. They meant ruin to the farmers, and to some the unprecedentedly bad harvest came home in a terrible form.

"My dear young ladies," said Lawyer Smythe to the girls at the Round House, "you'll have to manage somehow, but I've got no money for you this quarter, not a cent. The crops are simply ruined wholesale."

It was a novel sensation, this being ruined, for the first time of hearing; but when Christmas came and the story was repeated, the Cleeves' faces grew rueful indeed.

"It's unfortunate, my dears," said the lawyer, uneasily. "But you're not the only sufferers. Your tenants are penniless, and can't carry things on. There's not a shilling of rent forthcoming."

"But what are *we* to do?" demanded Barbara, dismayed. The girls were drinking their afternoon tea in the twilight, and John Ponsonby had joined them, when the lawyer dropped in with the disastrous news.

"Just this, Miss Barbara," replied Lawyer Smythe, making no stranger of the manager of Uncle Phil's bank. "Draw out a small portion of that sum which is banked in your name as eldest of your uncle's nieces, and use it for the present. You recollect the will says it is for emergencies." The lawyer was polishing his spectacles, and lost the sudden paling of Barbara's face, but other eyes noted it. "You understand? And, if things improve, in time you might possibly replace what you draw out."

There was a silence.

"How much should we have to draw out?" at last inquired Barbara, with a slight quaver in her voice. Possibly that was why John Ponsonby glanced so sharply at her from his dark corner.

"Say fifty pounds. That will leave the neat seven hundred," said the lawyer, didactically. "Write it out, and I'll cash the cheque for you in the morning."

Barbara slowly rose, as if oppressed with nightmare. Fetching a form, she silently filled it up under the lawyer's fussy directions. John Ponsonby, meanwhile, sat as if also in a dream. His clear eyes had travelled from Barbara's confused, troubled face to that of Nell, and it seemed as though he were spelling out some difficult task. Sitting close to the fireside, the light played on the smooth oval face of the girl who had grown to be all the world to John Ponsonby. But Nell's eyes were lowered; for the life of her she could

not raise them to encounter the stern gaze she nevertheless felt to be piercing her inmost thoughts. Each of the girls felt conscious in her heart that the bank-manager most certainly knew of the withdrawal Barbara had made in Geoff's extremity, and the recollection scorched them. What would the lawyer say when he discovered the deficit, as he undoubtedly would? Suddenly, Nell sprang to her feet. Instinctively all the woman in her nature rose up to shield Geoff from detection.

"I—we—that is, Mr. Smythe, you mustn't trouble to go to Albury for us. I should like to go myself and draw out the money." The girl spoke hurriedly, but with an amount of emotion that vibrated in her voice.

"Yes, yes," Barbara eagerly joined in. "Nell shall go, Mr. Smythe. She will learn how to do a little business thus."

The girls all looked relieved, but John Ponsonby drew his brows together darkly, and his mouth took a grim, pained twist.

"Well, just as you please, of course. It will be all right. Ponsonby here will see that you don't make off with all your capital! Good day! I may look in to-morrow. What, are you coming too, Ponsonby?"

John Ponsonby was gravely bidding his hostesses good-bye. As he stiffly shook hands with Nell, the girl's eyes flashed a swift, wistful glance up into his, but there was no answering sympathy in the cold, questioning gaze bent upon her. Instead, there was a stern reproach that made Nell shrink flinchingly.

"What is it? What can it be?" she asked herself piteously, when alone in her room, to which she had fled. "Could it really have been such a crime for Barby to give Geoff the fifty pounds? It must have been, though. I could see it in every line of his disapproving face. And—and how cold he was! He hardly touched my hand when he said 'good-bye'—so different! Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" moaned the girl under her breath. But by-and-by when the sisters held a frightened conclave, Nell, with brave effort, forced aside her bewildered anguish at John Ponsonby's altered demeanour.

"Of course I shall go to the bank," she said firmly, and neither of the other girls noticed how white and set her face had grown. "It would never have done to expose poor old Geoff!" she added simply. "We're bound to shield Geoff at any cost."

The mists were creeping over the wet moorland next morning when Nell Cleeve crossed it on her way to Albury, her thoughts full of nervous conjecture as to John Ponsonby's possible reception of herself.

It is an accepted fact that when a woman enters a bank all her bravery, her airs and graces, collapse ignobly. Here, feels she, is a world where she is unneeded and unheeded. Nell Cleeve, therefore, standing with trembling knees, stammering out her business, roused no undue surprise in the mind of the superior being whose fingers calmly unfolded her cheque, until his gaze rested on its purport. With eyebrows slightly elevated he silently disappeared, returning with a brief message. Would Miss Cleeve be good enough to step into the manager's room? Shrinking, Nell felt inclined to flee, but the remembrance that she was bound, for Geoff's sake, to stand in the breach came to her aid. In

his room stood the bank-manager, cold and stern. His dry, business voice fell on Nell's startled ear as he twisted round and round Barbara's cheque.

"It is my unpleasant duty to inform you, Miss Cleeve, that your banking account is overdrawn." Could the speaker possibly be the John Ponsonby whose voice had hitherto taken on such a caressing tone in addressing herself? Nell was stunned. Then her pride took sudden fire; her slim form grew taller, straighter.

"I don't quite understand your meaning!" She spoke timidly, but with a certain pathetic dignity.

The manager's brow grew darker as he shot a furtive glance at the sweet, dauntless face uplifted to his, while he explained the purport of his words.

Could this be consummate guilt, or was it innocence? he asked himself, after a few stern sentences had sent Nell away with bowed head, and white, dry lips, staggering under the burden of a grave accusation.

—:O:—

CHAPTER VIII.

TORN UP BY THE ROOTS.

BEFORE the harvest was over, the Cleeve girls understood the meaning of ruin but too well. They were penniless. Their old home, the Round House, must be deserted, for no rents were forthcoming from the farms, and the nest-egg good old Uncle Phil had left in the bank for them was rifled. The sisters had weathered the crushing storm in so far that their stunned senses were slowly awaking, and their dazed eyes trying to pierce the black future.

"We must rise up and work!" announced Barbara.

"Work for our living?" echoed Anne of Cleves, all her petted little airs and graces shrivelled in the blast of adversity.

"Exactly!" was the curt reply. "What else lies before us? Our shameless brother has ruined us——"

"Don't, Barby," cried Nell, upon whom the cloud of sorrow had settled heaviest.

"What do you both say to this proposition of Miss Morley's about myself?" went on Barbara, drearily.

"That you should become companion to old Lady Standring? Depends on what sort of a person she is," dismally said Anne of Cleves. It was a huge shock to her, and to Nell also, that their beautiful Barbara should be any old woman's dependent.

Miss Morley, spite of her sneering propensities, was a woman of some practical energy. The Cleeves were ruined. They wanted work; they should have it, by all means. Here was Lady Standring, as usual, out of a companion. Barbara Cleeve would make an ornamental, if not a useful one. Beauty, to be sure, was a detrimental quality in a companion, and there was her ladyship's elderly son to be considered. But at fifty he was old enough to protect himself. So Miss Morley secured the empty post for Barbara; then she set to work to find a similar one for Anne of Cleves. The spinster fought shy of Nell, not quite understanding what the girl was fit for. "Besides," she nodded her head sagaciously, "*she*, too, may become a companion—to somebody!" And Brimsby knew as well as if she had said it whom Miss Morley meant by "somebody." But the village did *not* know that, since the day on which Nell Cleeve innocently presented a dishonoured cheque to him, John

Ponsonby had never exchanged words with any of the Cleeve name.

The bank-manager had passed through a phase of suffering equal to that of the ruined girls. His ruin was that of his faith in womanhood, which had been murdered outright by the abyss of falseness he had discovered in one girl. To a man who worshipped truth as John Ponsonby did, this falseness was a moral shipwreck in the woman whom he loved no longer, he believed. He told himself sternly that this love of his, which had glorified for him all the world, must be rooted up and cast away as dross. The criminal deceit of which the Cleeve girls had been guilty was aggravated in his eyes by their denial of the same. There had been a painfully terrible scene when Lawyer Smythe and the bank-manager had confronted the sisters with a grave charge.

"Do you know," fumed the lawyer furiously, "that you've committed a *crime*, and an actionable one, in presenting that cheque? You can be punished by the law. To think I should live to see my old friend's nieces in such a wicked plight!"

The girls, as they cowered before their accusers, looked the criminals they were presumed to be, so uncontrollable was their agitation.

"But for the life of me I can't see why giving Geoff the fifty pounds out of the money Uncle Phil left expressly for us three should be a crime!" at last broke out Barbara, in a white heat.

With a cautious look round the room, the lawyer said a few words in an undertone.

"That's false, utterly false! Neither Geoff nor we could have done such a thing. How dare you?"

"There's my authority!" calmly rejoined the lawyer, indicating with his thumb John Ponsonby, who sat stony and grim. "Isn't it so?" he went on, and the bank-manager nodded curtly, with eyes averted from the girls' stunned faces.

There was a painful silence.

"My poor misguided girls!" began again Lawyer Smythe, "it's no use to persist in this denial. Better confess! It was Satan tempted you, of course. If Ponsonby had not been an utter stranger to us Brimsby folk, you could never have managed such a trick, even in his absence, of which it seems you took advantage. He, of course, was ignorant of the conditions of your uncle's will!"

Still the benumbed silence prevailed, until a long, wailing cry sent a shiver through John Ponsonby's heart.

"Oh, Geoff! poor old Geoff! God forgive you!" The voice was Nell's, throbbing with an agony of fear, and the accents of truth that rang through her words startled John into a momentary doubt of his own convictions.

"Can it be that you girls have been fooled in some way?" he broke out, speaking for the first time; then drawing in his under lip, he bit it hard. What was this girl, this Eleanor Cleeve, that her smooth, dove-eyed face should undo him, the practised man of business? Turning on his heel, John Ponsonby shook the dust of the Round House from his feet, as he believed, for ever.

They were days and weeks shrouded in gloom that followed. Though public disgrace was averted by the combined reticence of the lawyer and the bank-manager,

yet the three sisters lay crushed under the weight of a shameful accusation. Over Geoff, the real culprit, there hung a strange pall of silence. For some time back his scanty home communications had dwindled down into stray picture-papers addressed to "Anne of Cleves." These also had ceased abruptly after Barbara's furious intimation of the shameful discovery at the bank.

"And a good thing, too!" declared the eldest of the Cleeve girls, hotly. "Geoff had better efface himself out of our lives for good and all. He's no longer brother of mine——"

"Oh, Barby, Barby!" cried Nell, piteously. "It is now that Geoff needs us most. We must stand by him!"

"Stand by a—a felon!" almost shrieked Barbara.

"Don't 'ee, my dear, don't 'ee!" warned Tweedy, who shared her nurslings' agony of shameful sorrow. "Walls has ears, and Miss Nell's right—we must stand by our own until the bitter end. Remember that the sinner's need is the dear Lord's opportunity. He never turns His back on the fallen!"

"Oh, that's different!" impatiently broke in Barbara. "This is no time for preaching, so do stop it!"

"Why!" Nell's eyes opened widely. "Isn't it in the 'day of trouble' that we should fly to Jesus?"

"Well, well," Barbara answered, gently enough, and stooping her tall figure, she stroked Nell's fair head. "We know you're one of the goody sort, dear, but we're not all made so, you see."

"More's the pity!" sighed Tweedy, under her breath.

"I mean to go up to London to seek out Geoff," said Nell, presently, in a low, firm voice. "You and Anne will soon be going to those situations that Miss Morley has found for you. I, too, must do something; I shall go to Geoff, and help him to climb 'out of the mire.'"

There were cries of dismay from her sisters, but, her mind once made up, nothing would deter Nell from the resolve she had silently formed. Storm and rave as they might, neither the girls nor Lawyer Smythe could alter her purpose.

"That young scoundrel has been guilty of a serious crime, Miss Nell. You don't seem to see it!" the lawyer remarked.

"I see that Geoff is my brother still!" said Nell, with gentle firmness.

"But he's a robber, a felon in the eyes of the law!"

"He is no less our Geoff!" persisted Nell, though with a shiver at the plain-speaking; and in the end she took her way.

Miss Morley had, through Lady Standring, found a country parsonage, full of children, but with an aching niche in the shape of the blank made by a beloved mother's death. Though probably Anne of Cleves

would not fit that niche, Miss Morley determined to push the girl into it, so Anne also was provided for. She and Barbara would be in the same parish—a great help to both in their first plunge into the bitter state of dependence. The furniture of the Round House, which had been let to an aspiring Albury tradesman whose wife thirsted to retire into private life, was sold. The money it brought was divided, and when her sisters departed for their new homes, Nell set out for London. The terrible wrench of being turned out of their home dulled the senses of the Cleeve girls to this rash undertaking of Nell's. It was truly a leap in the dark, but Nell was sustained by such limitless trust in God's sheltering care that she, at least, had no fear. The Brimsby villagers were aghast. They had been briefly informed that the Cleeves were ruined by the farming disasters incident to the wettest summer England had ever known. It had been a thunderbolt in the normally serene Brimsby sky. That Barbara and Anne should be setting forth to earn their living as dependents wrung a universal commiseration, which was intensified into stunned bewilderment when it became known that Nell was going to plunge into the unknown life of London. The village was only pacified on finding that the girl intended to go straight to her brother, Geoff.

"She's got it into her head to become a type-writer, or a scene-painter, or something dreadful!" was the popular opinion. Brimsby was somewhat belated in up-to-date civilisation; the inhabitants were given to mix up type-writers with acrobats and such out-of-the-way gentry. They regarded with awe the departure of the daring girl, and their farewells were uttered with a grim disapproval.

"Hush!" said Tweedy, when people spoke reprovingly of Nell's action. "'Tain't for us to pass judgment. She's of the salt of the earth is our Miss Nell. It's the Divine work, if it ain't human, to seek out the lost and help the fallen to their feet!" Whereupon Brimsby took it into its head that Nell Cleeve had set forth to become a Bible-woman in the sad and sorrowful East End.

"I wash my hands of her, an ungrateful, headstrong girl!" said Miss Morley, when the departure was over.

Little did they or the lonely girl crouched weeping in the railway-carriage, guess that in another part of the train John Ponsonby had concealed himself, travelling to protect the only woman in the world whom he should ever love as he loved Nell Cleeve. It was a long, dreary journey, and at its end his heart ached with a great desire to gather up in his arms the lonely, shrinking figure of his little love. But the man's pride had been deeply stung, and his faith in Nell had suffered a cruel hurt.

(To be continued.)

LET THE CHILDREN HELP.—Expect and require your children to help you, even if their help is at first rather troublesome. Take care, however, not to make their work too hard, too long, or to monotonous for their childish powers. Praise them heartily and lovingly for the work that is well done; be patient and tender when it is done blunderingly, and patient and firm when it is done unwillingly. Your reward will be a happier home than you can have in any other way. You will be happier yourself and your children will be happier, and

far more likely to remember and use through life the lessons of truth and unselfishness which by word and example you are trying to teach them.

* * * *

In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep that comes with night,

For the returning morning's light—

For these and everything we see,

O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee;

In everything give thanks!

BULGARIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.

THIS Oriental embroidery is very effective, and being quickly and inexpensively executed, it recommends itself

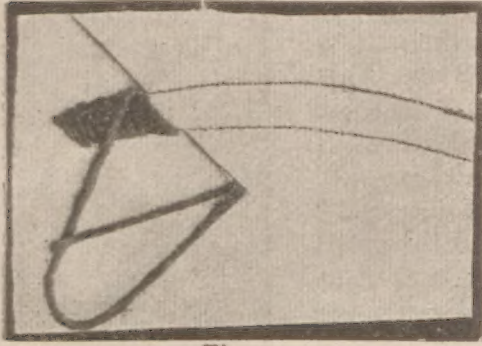


Fig. 1.

to those who are glad to know of a new fancy work which is also useful and can be adapted to many household purposes. The work is done upon rough, unbleached linen called *toile grosse*, and also upon linens of various colours. At Messrs. Friedberger's, of 15, Wigmore Street, London, W., all materials can be obtained, and many varieties of articles ready stamped with their excellent designs. Ordinary embroidery designs do not adapt themselves well to Bulgarian work. Those suited for the latter are always strictly conventional and have a character of their own. As a rule, the patterns are large, and they are never intricate or with lines interlacing.

The tea-cosy in our illustration—one of Friedberger's designs, worked on grey linen—is embroidered in blue and yellow washing floss silk. This is most brilliant, and can be had in several colours. Whether you work in

lie closely together, none of the material being visible between them. The edges should always be quite even and perfectly neat, no stitches projecting beyond the line of the design.

Fig. 2 is stem stitch. Each stitch is taken exactly opposite the last one, about a couple of threads between each.

In fig. 3 you see how the long vandyked stitches are taken.

In fig. 4 a pointed border is worked. This is simply satin stitch, and is very effective when neatly worked.

In fig. 5 are two balls. The open is worked like a wheel. The cotton is carried over the ball and then wound in and out of the middle. A border or stem stitch is run all round it. Balls form a very common feature of Bulgarian work, and you see here how they are worked.

It must be remembered, when there are a good many balls in a design, that they should all be worked the same way.

In fig. 6 the satin stitch is shown again on a different design which is often used in decorating.

In fig. 7 French knots are made by twisting the cotton two or three times round the needle, close to where the cotton comes out, and then carefully putting back the needle

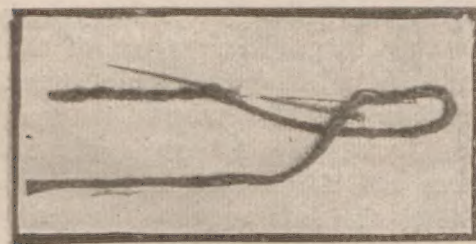


Fig. 2.

silk, which are not so pretty if the same colours in cotton are chosen. The silk is one shilling and fourpence a reel. Of course, you can do the embroidery in any silks you like, but these floss silks are particularly beautiful, their brilliancy being shown up by the dull shades of the linen.

In fig. 1 a stem is worked. You can always do the satin stitching either across or slantwise. The satin stitching is never outlined or padded. The stitches should

the same colours in silk or in cotton, the stitches are always the same; but the combinations of colours are not always identical, as two colours go very well sometimes in



Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.

almost in the same place.

Figs. 8 and 9 are two leaves, the one worked straight across and the other slanting.

Crewel needles can be used for this embroidery, but I prefer chenille needles. Always choose a needle with an eye sufficiently large to carry the cotton or silk easily.

The work should always be ironed when finished and very



Fig. 6.



Fig. 4.



Design for a Tea-Cosy.

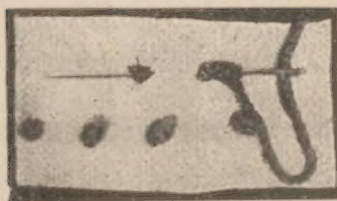


Fig. 7.

tea-cloths, side-board cloths, etc., etc.

The lace usually used to finish off Bulgarian work is Russian lace, which can be had in *écru*, blue, red, etc. It is very handsome and not expensive, but if you prefer it you can use torchon lace, which is much cheaper. On the *toile grosse*, hem stitching and the usual patterns for drawn linen work can be used, and this makes a very pretty border for cloths, etc., particularly if you do it in silk or cotton.

As some of my readers may like hints as to the selection of colours suited for Bulgarian work, I will give some here.

Upon the *toile grosse* any colours are suitable, as the softness of the whitey-brown shows them up well. You can use two shades of one colour for the entire piece of work, if

carefully washed when it is soiled.

A great many very pretty things can be made in this work, such as work-bags, cushion-covers, bed-spreads, cosies, piano and sofa backs,



Fig. 8.

you like to do so. If you do, please remember that each leaf or petal must be worked in one shade, no part of the embroidery ever being in shades. The stitches do not admit of that. In an open leaf, you can of course make the outline in one shade, and the bars across in another. A most beautiful bed-spread which I once saw, was worked in pink, green and grenat (a deep red). The design was what is termed an "all-over" one, and the border was of a deep scalloping done in the red. The scallops were turned inwards, towards the design, and the whole finished off with Russian lace.

A table centre on the *toile grosse* worked in two blues and a yellow floss silk was very charming, and a cushion in lilac and greens was also pretty. On the coloured linens you can again get some variety. On the terra-cotta linen black cotton looks extremely well. On pale blue, yellow or pink; and on the green, dark red or *écru*.

Work-bags are very useful done on the coloured linens, and sell well at sales of work; while a tea-cloth worked in two shades of blue or two of red, and having a deep hem stitching in red, would be very handsome.



Fig. 9.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS.

BY FLORENCE STACPOOLE, LECTURER TO THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

II.—HOW TO IMPROVE THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

NOW to improve the personal appearance *without injuring the health* is a problem which some people consider to be quite insoluble, and which others unfortunately do not consider even to be worth trying to solve.

"Appearance first, health afterwards," is their maxim, or "What is health compared with appearance; let me look well, even if my health suffers for it!"

This is said in deed, if not in word, by many a woman who forgets, or perhaps does not know, that there is no surer foundation on which to build up a good personal appearance than a sound and healthy constitution.

Now, the *preservation* of beauty is a subject quite worth everyone's attention. There is, perhaps, no sadder time in many a woman's life than when she begins to realise that she is what is called "*going off*," and there is no surer means of hastening the advent of this time than by neglecting the health *and* beginning the use of cosmetics.

In the limits of this paper I cannot go into the care of the health, but most people know what is required for healthy living if they would only act upon their knowledge. I propose to devote my allotted space to considering the treatment of those salient points in personal appearance—the hair, the eyes, the teeth, and the skin.

The beauty of the hair depends largely on the health.

In poor health it becomes dry, harsh, and brittle. The plastering on of unguents and restorers is of little use if healthy living is neglected, and if the health of the hair itself is not studied. Hair requires fresh air and cleanliness as much as any other part of the body. The use of head-coverings impervious to air, of thick pads and frizettes, is injurious; they contribute to baldness, because they keep in the exhalations of the scalp. Plenty of brushing is a better way of cleansing the hair than too much washing, and the friction is stimulating to its growth. Washing the hair requires discretion. Hair naturally inclined to be greasy may be washed once a week or fortnight in warm water, in which a little powdered borax is dissolved; but for hair inclined to dryness, alkalies (as soda, ammonia, potash, or borax) should never be used; they greatly increase its dryness, and make it rough and brittle. Such hair should be washed with the yolk of an egg, well whisked in warm water. This mixture cleanses and softens it, and imparts lustre.

Dr. Malcolm Morris recommends Quillai bark (which can be had from any chemist) for washing the hair. A small piece well stirred up in hot water makes a lather which is excellent for cleansing the hair, and far better than soap, which should not be used for hair washing, on account of its alkali.

When the hair is thin or falling off, the following excellent stimulating lotion, the prescription of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, the skin specialist, may be used once a day by rubbing it into the scalp :—

Eau de Cologne, eight ounces.

Tincture of Cantharides, one ounce.

Oil of English lavender } half drachm of each.
Oil of rosemary }

To improve the size, colour, or expression of the eyes, art can, of course, do nothing—at least, nothing that is not very injurious to them. But the cultivation of a gentle temper can soften their glances, and the cultivation of health can brighten them; and keeping early hours, and avoiding reading or working in a bad light will prevent the eyelids becoming red or haggard. Weak eyes may be benefited by frequent bathing in strong tea which has stood “brewing” for a long time. The tannin thus extracted from the tea is a valuable astringent in such cases.

A great mistake is made by mothers in cutting babies' eyelashes. The longest and most beautiful eyelashes I have ever seen are those which have never been cut.

The beauty of the teeth also in a measure depends upon the health, and certainly the health depends in a great degree upon the teeth. Without good teeth, proper mastication of food is impossible, and there is no more fertile cause of indigestion and its train of troubles than insufficient chewing. The care of the teeth, then, should be of first-rate importance to those who value their looks. Red noses and pasty complexions are frequent attendants upon the dyspeptic—and they are fatal to beauty.

Besides attending to the laws of health, the teeth can be preserved in two ways—(1) by not subjecting them to ill-usage; (2) by keeping them clean. Some people make their teeth serve the purpose of nut-crackers, others use them instead of a knife or scissors, and so on. Now, anything which chips the enamel of the teeth—that is, the white and brittle covering which encloses the dentine, as the softer material is called that lies under the enamel—injures them *permanently*. The enamel is never re-formed; the dentine is, therefore, exposed to the air and to the action of the food, acids, sweets, and so forth, and it surely, though perhaps slowly, decays, until a hole pierces right through the dentine into the pulp cavity, in which the *nerve of the tooth* lies embedded. Then pain is set up, for which there is frequently no cure but extraction of the tooth. So much for ill-usage of the teeth.

In keeping the teeth clean, two things should be remembered—(1) They should be well brushed and washed before going to bed, so that all particles of food lodging between them may be removed; for such particles lead to fermentation and putrefaction—both injurious to the enamel. The brushing of the teeth to be effectual should be up and down, as well as across. (2) A tooth-powder should be used that is not injurious; some are eminently so. The safest and best is simple precipitated chalk. The alkali of the chalk helps to neutralise the acid secretions of the mouth, which are so often hurtful to the delicate enamel of the teeth.

Beauty is constantly injured for life by the neglect of

the teeth in childhood. Many a girl grows up with her good looks quite marred by projecting teeth, or by the shape of her mouth being destroyed by *overcrowded* teeth. Her whole future life and prospects may be damaged by this evil, which could have been easily prevented if her parents had taken the trouble of consulting a dentist when she was a child. Very simple means *if used in time* can be applied by a skilful dentist to rectify these natural deformities. *Feeding* in infancy and childhood also has an effect upon the teeth. Children, in order to have strong bones and sound teeth, require food that *naturally* contains lime—not lime mixed with their food. “Milk,” says Professor Bunge, of Basle, “contains more lime than lime-water, and next to milk the yolks of eggs.” “Lentil flour,” says our great authority, Sir William Roberts, “contains twice as much proteid (*i.e.*, flesh forming) matter as wheat or oat flour, and almost twice as much lime.” These words to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Lastly comes the skin, and under this head I must first protest against the mischief done by art to the skins of women. Art, I mean, in the shape of paint and powder. Even young girls now-a-days seek, as our grandmothers used to call it, to “mend their complexions” by imitating the make-up of harlequins, and covering the skin of their faces with a coating of powder.

This is a fruitful way of destroying the skin. Dr. Malcolm Morris, in a lecture entitled “Ethics of the Skin,” very clearly describes the reason why it does so. He says, “At this moment thousands of skins are puckered and pitted, that, but for using powder, would have remained to this day soft as silk. The constant use of powder has precisely the same effect on the glands of perspiration, as the overstraining of the voice has upon the throat of a clergyman or public speaker. With the continuous exertion to secrete moisture to lubricate the throat, the glands become exhausted. So with the glands of perspiration in the face: as the powder dries up the moisture, more and more is secreted, till the glands become at last unable to fulfil the unavailing task, and shrinking, produce the little chasms that give the orange-rind appearance that is but too familiar to all observant people.”

The greatest beauty on record, Ninon de l'Enclos, with whom men fell in love when she was over eighty years of age, is said never to have used any cosmetic but *pure rain water*. Hard water is very bad for the skin. If rain water cannot be had, the water should be well boiled, which somewhat softens it. Soap should seldom or never be used on the face; a muslin bag full of oatmeal is the best thing with which to wash it. Oatmeal water is very softening to the skin.

The beauty of the skin, however, comes more from within than without. If pure air is breathed into the lungs, and wholesome food supplied to the stomach, the blood will be healthy. Without healthy blood we cannot have a healthy skin. The use of fruit and vegetables is also necessary. They help to keep the functions in working order, and are therefore a great assistance in preserving the beauty of the skin.

* * The next problem I propose to deal with will be: “*Thrift without Discomfort.*”

WOMEN OF WORTH.

III.—MRS. LEONARD'S NURSES.

BY KATHARINE H. BOYES.



One of the Nurses.

THERE are few occupations which offer to women greater opportunities for noble service than nursing. The work itself is always arduous, and often surrounded by the most forbidding conditions, while it demands of the would-be efficient, capable nurse some of the highest qualities of heart and hand.

Heroines indeed we must ever account those brave, self-sacrificing women who devote themselves to the assuaging of pain and the comfort of the afflicted amongst the poor, pursuing their labours unchecked by the fears of disease or the miseries of acute poverty. Surely such women, for instance, as that little band known as Mrs. Leonard's Nurses, well merit a place amongst our Women of Worth.

Let us here take a glance at the practical work of these famed nurses, and at the institution which sends them forth.

The London Bible and Domestic Female Mission was originated by the late Mrs. Ranyard, who began the work with one woman in Dudley Street, St. Giles's, twenty-five years ago. Later the founder was succeeded by her niece, Mrs. Selfe Leonard, the present honorary secretary.

For eleven years the Bible-women worked on alone, but time and experience showed that their powers were inadequate to do all that was needed in one branch of their work, the visitation of the sick. However willing they might be to help, other duties perforce occupied much of their time, and above all they had no trained skill, without which nursing must always be ineffectual. And yet on every side they met wan, pale sufferers, with none to tend them; incurable cases dismissed from or unable to gain admission to the hospitals; young mothers, ignorant of the care of children, and old people requiring some kind hand to make the bed, and perform many a needful service. To such as these trained nurses were a necessity.

Hence, Mrs. Leonard soon found herself compelled to regard nursing as a necessary adjunct to her mission,

and forthwith she set to work to obtain capable helpers, qualified to perform the duties of the nurse. Her efforts in this direction were crowned with success, and nursing has become a distinct phase of her work.

The nurses now employed by the Mission are all women of the people; besides which, great importance is attached to their personal Christian character, as well as to their natural aptitude for nursing work. As to this latter qualification, they are first tested in preliminary matters. They then receive a year's training, divided between the medical and surgical wards of a general hospital, monthly nurse training in a Lying-in hospital, and practical training in a district.

Although each nurse resides in her own home in her own district, a central house from which to direct the work is indispensable. This is at 2, Adelphi Terrace, Adam Street, Strand, where all the business of the Mission is transacted, and one room is also devoted to the reception of stores of medical comforts, clothing, and food.

Every nurse wears a neat uniform—a plain dress, a circular cloak, and linen apron. She is provided with all needful appliances for her work, such as lint, lotion, bed-rests, etc. She is also supplied with cereal food, and is allowed weekly a small sum of money to expend in milk, eggs, beef-tea, or meat for the patients who require nourishment.

A nurse receives her cases from the doctors, clergy, Bible-women, or district visitors, and when once established, she hears of fresh work from the

poor themselves, who, having proved her value, are thankful to run to the friend in need. She visits her charges in their own homes, taking up cases that are either ineligible for hospitals, or have been discharged incurable, or on account of distance, want of room, or other causes, must remain



A Fretful Patient.

at home. Among these cancer, paralysis, dropsy, consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis, and minor surgical and other cases are of constant recurrence. Confinements are a special branch of the work, no fewer than 2,250 visits being paid in one year to new-made mothers. During the same period the seventy nurses on the staff paid 138,352 visits to 6,943 patients.



By means of ministering in sickness the nurse can often pave the way for the visits of the Bible-woman, who follows up the patient directly she is taken off the nurse's book, induces her to subscribe for a Bible should she not possess one, and to come to the Mothers' Meeting. Thus the two branches of the Mission dovetail into each other.

The work of each nurse forms an extremely interesting record. A small book is kept in which is entered the name of every patient, his address, disease, number on the year's list, name of doctor in attendance,

total number of visits paid, when the case began, and how it ended. There is also a set of little squares, one for each day, opposite the patient's name, and in these the nurse records by a cross when she paid a visit. Thus at a glance one is able to ascertain how many calls she makes in the day and in the week, and the amount of attention given to each patient. On the next leaf the cases are classified, and space is left for a careful register of all gifts, whether lotion, lint, bandages, nourishment, or clothing. Every item is entered opposite the patient's name.

As may be imagined, in poor homes it is impossible for doctor and nurse always to meet. So the nurse is provided with a chart to pin over her patient's bed, on which she registers the temperature and pulse, and on which space is also left for the doctor to write his directions as to diet, medicine, and general orders; the nurse on another line entering what duties she has performed since his last visit, and asking any needful questions. All services are rendered gratuitously and only to the poor; the nurse is never allowed to receive any remuneration in money or kind from her patients.

Another interesting matter is that of management.

Each nurse has a Lady Superintendent, who devotes a few hours every week to the inspection of the nurse's book, and who hears, with patience and sympathy the needs of each case, giving wise counsel and encouraging advice. She also goes round from time to time among the patients, with or without the nurse, to learn for herself the necessities of her district. In addition to this voluntary superintendence, there is a staff of trained central visiting superintendents, who visit periodically with each nurse and report fully the day's work.

The cost of a nurse is £60 a year. This includes salary, uniform, and medical comforts for her patients.

And what of the particular cases with which these noble workers have to deal? They are of the most varied and interesting description. Space could not be found in which to record a tithe of them. Here is a case of a young fellow who received a knock on the leg, which resulted in a terrible abscess. Discharged from the hospital after an operation, there was no one at home to tend him. Only by the constant and excellent care of one of Mrs. Leonard's nurses was his life saved.

Another case is that of a poor woman suffering from dropsy. She was in a woeful condition, and without a friend to do a hand's turn for her. The nurse attended her carefully, calling forth the patient's thanks in these words, "Thank God for sending people like you to help the poor. I do feel so comfortable now. I am so grateful."

Then we have the case of a hard-working woman laid aside through a fearful affliction. Two operations were performed at a hospital, but she returned home hopelessly ill. For eight months she was visited and cared for by one of the Mission nurses, much to her comfort, and even delight, before passing away.

Some of the stories of their every-day work, told by Mrs. Leonard's Nurses, are extremely pathetic. Picture such a case as this: A poor woman was taken ill and kept to her room by that terrible



A General Favourite.

disease, cancer. Almost her only means of help in the way of nursing was her daughter; but she was obliged to work very hard at dressmaking to support her mother. After a time, the faithful, industrious girl was taken ill herself, from over-work and want of nourishing food. She was sent to the Mission's Home at the seaside, but died shortly after. During many long weeks the nurse carefully tended the suffering, grief-stricken mother,

and proved a blessing indeed in that humble home.

So we might go on repeating instance after instance of the good work of Mrs. Leonard's Nurses amongst the sick poor. Theirs is a grand record of self-sacrificing love, sweet with the spirit of the Master Himself. No one can estimate it, no one gauge its beautiful influence. We can only recognise it here, and wish it from our hearts the richest blessing and the widest extension.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.



DECLARE it is almost cruel for Betty to fall ill to-day," and then little Mrs. Kenneth felt a slight pang of remorse, for Betty never did a cruel thing in her life, and was so distressed that morning, when she positively could not stand for sickness. "What will missis do?" wailed the poor creature, again and again, thinking not of her own sickness, but of her mistress's dilemma.

It was one of those hurrying, worrying days, when another care seemed just too much. And Mrs. Kenneth, who conducted a Bible Class for young women, had to prepare next Sunday's lesson that evening.

She bustled about her home wildly until late in the afternoon, and then settled down to the study of the lesson.

"I ought to look in on Betty," she thought a little regretfully, remembering that she had been left all day.

She opened the blessed Book in her lap, and somehow that little act—the very presence of the Word—quieted her fevered haste, and she settled back in her chair restfully; but the next moment there arose a vision of Betty in that hot, stuffy room, asking only for a drink of water, and perhaps needing it very much. She put aside her Bible and commentary, rose hastily, and went to Betty's room.

"Better that the lesson should go unstudied than that I should go un-Christlike," she said.

Surely enough, the sun was streaming on Betty's bed. The water-glass was empty and hot, and nobody knew for how long it had been so.

Mrs. Kenneth closed the blinds to shut out the glare. The glass was supplied with cold water.

Betty's eyes filled with tears while the parched lips drank. "It is so good, missis—you can never know."

The mistress sat down on the side of the bed and bathed the old wrinkled face, and the hard hands which had served so many years. As she thought of it all, her touch grew tender and sympathetic.

"Good Betty!" she whispered gently, "you have thought of us so many years. Can you forgive me for forgetting you now?"

And then the hot pillows were shaken up, and the tumbled bedclothes straightened. The old woollen blanket was so rough and hot. Mrs. Kenneth hesitated a moment—just a moment, and brought out in exchange her own dainty quilt, covered with lilac-sprays.

A backward glance at the low bed as she hurried away from Betty's thanks, gave her a glow in her heart. "Now I can study the lesson and be in harmony with it," declared Mrs. Kenneth, as she went back to her chair.

The lesson was, strangely enough, about Christ washing the feet of the disciples. She read the beautiful story of lowly service over and over.

It had never meant so much to her as to-day.

Presently she closed her Bible, and began to plan an outline for her study. The day was warm and she was tired, and soon—soon—

She was walking along a dusty road, a dreary mid-summer road, whereon the fervid heat blazed and burnt indescribably.

"This must be," she thought, "an Oriental country; no other land has such an oven atmosphere and baked landscape."

She trudged on, it seemed for many miles. Oh, how wearily the road stretched before her tired vision! How grateful would be the sight of a gurgling, sparkling spring! Was there not one in this forsaken land? Her lips grew parched with fever. It seemed as if she must fall under the burning heat.

Fall? No. Someone was walking beside her—One whose very presence lifted and comforted her on that weary road.

She looked up at the Blessed Face. It was thorn-crowned. The hand that held her up was a pierced hand; and to her lips He lifted a golden chalice, from which she drank with such satisfaction as she had never known before.

"Oh, is this living water?" she thought, as a great joy possessed her. "Then He who gives it must be the Christ—*my* Christ."

"Oh, that I might serve Thee!" she cried, bowing at His feet. "Truly, I have longed to do it. To minister to Thee in my own little home would be the sweetest pleasure. The best place should be Thine, the lowliest service for Thee would be joy."

She dared to look up, even into His face, now; and its transfigured glory, as He looked upon her with transcendent tenderness and love, thrilled her with joy.

"Inasmuch," He said, "as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Why, it was a familiar message, a well-known verse; but, oh! it was new to-day—it was *hers* to-day.

And then—and then she opened her own eyes in her own little room, where a beam of sunshine was lying across her lap, and her finger was between the covers of the dear old Book, and the lesson was unlearned. Unlearned! Nay, verily it was learned as never before; learned at the very feet of the Master.

The tears dropped now on the open page, as she turned to the verse His lips had spoken, and asked Him to seal it to her heart for ever.

CRADLE SONGS AND LULLABIES.

BY GLADYS FENTON.

SOMEWHERE in the works of an old French chronicler, says Grace Rhys in a volume of the "Canterbury Poets," there is a story to be found of a wise man who thought to learn from the first accents of an infant what was the earliest language spoken by man. To make the experiment a successful one, the babe must never have heard the sound of a human voice. So the wise man took two orphan children and gave them to a goat to nurse. "The children," concludes the chronicler, "unfortunately died, because they had no one to sing them to sleep." So necessary, therefore, to the babe is the cradle song of the mother!

Be this as it may, it is certainly true that in the lullaby and cradle song, simple as they are, are stored the deepest feelings of the mother heart. Bending over the helpless little one, her second self, she pours out in such words as these the love which enwraps the tiny occupant of the cradle:—

"Sleep, my little dearest one,
I will guard thy sleep,
Safely, little nearest one,
I will hold thee deep
In the great unfathomed sea,
Where sweet dreams are
made for thee.

"Rest, my little baby
dear,
I will watch thy rest,
Thou shalt feel the
waters near,
Only on my breast;
In the strong and ten-
der tide,
Still my love shall be
thy guide."

It is pleasing to know that some of the sweetest songs of the cradle are those of our own land—a fact which must be held as a tribute to the nobleness of the English mother. For instance, how delightful is this one:—

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind and sweet and gent'e child—
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

Of course, sometimes the cradle song takes a lighter tone, or even has in it a touch of quiet fun only to be fully appreciated by the watcher, as in our old friend:—

"Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle, and all."

Or this familiar, merry lullaby will equally charm:—

"Bye, baby bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin, To wrap baby bunting in."

Strange as it may seem, some of our great poets have not disdained to write songs for the cradle. Shakespeare has done so, and Sir Walter Scott as well. Coleridge, too, has given us this beautiful "Virgin's" Cradle Hymn:—

"Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling;
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing, as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily."

And what could exceed the grace of Dr. Watts' cradle song:—

"Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

"I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire."

But not alone has our own land produced such sweet maternal verse. In other languages we find the same tender

thoughts for infant life expressed in musical measure. Undoubtedly the heart of the true mother is one, all the world over, and so is her lullaby of simple love. The cradle song of the German mother will clearly prove this, if any proof be wanted:—

"Sleep, little angel, so
dear to my sight,
Close those blue eyes
overflowing with
light;
Angels as radiant as
thou, my dear love,

Watch round thy bedside, and smile from above.

"Sleep, my own-dear one; if night comes on fast,
Mother is near thee to watch till 'tis past;
Be it the night-time or be it the day,
Mother's love, sweet heart, is waking away."

But the limit of our little study of cradle poetry is reached, though probably we may be able to return to it later, and see what the poets have sung of the nursery. For the present we will close with a verse which is a clear word-picture expressing the wishes of every loving mother for her babe:—

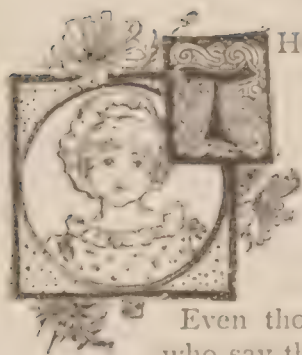
"The mother yields her little babe to sleep
Upon her tender breast,
And singing still a lullaby,
Hushes its heart to rest.
'Oh, sleep in peace upon my bosom,
And sweetly may your small dreams blossom;
And from the fears that made me weep you,
And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,
The angels lightly guard and keep you,
And hold you blest!'"



"Sleep, my little dearest one."

"SO FOND OF CHILDREN!"

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL, AUTHOR OF "CHASTENING OR REVENGE?" ETC.



HERE are few persons who will own that they do not like children—those winsome wee creatures with their fresh, blossom-like beauty, and joyous, guileless hearts, who come

"Trailing clouds of glory . . .
From God who is their home."

Even those, not true lovers of childhood, who say they like the little ones, but add the important reservation, "at least, when they are good," will generally admit that there are *some* little people whose ways they find engaging *sometimes*.

But among those who are genuinely fond of children, we fancy there are few who pause to consider whether their love is likely, in the way it is shown, to bring blessing and true gladness into their darlings' lives, or an afterward of trouble and regret.

The most obviously selfish of child-lovers are that large class who look upon the little ones as pretty toys, and like them chiefly because they find them amusing. These will play with their pets according to the mood of the moment, winning smiles by extravagant indulgence, courting innocent bewilderment by "poking fun" that too often involves the utterance of jesting lies, provoking tears by teasing, and then soothing the tempest of baby-passion that ought never to have been aroused. Such heedless folk will play upon a young child's emotions with as little compunction as they would pinch a squeaking doll or distort a gutta-percha mask, never imagining that an indelible impression of evil may be wrought which may torment or bias the child's nature for life. And for the "fun" of hearing a rude or naughty word from such pretty lips they will not hesitate to teach the little creature to utter impudent things for which it may later on receive sharp correction from more scrupulous hands. Can this, we ask, be dignified by the name of *love*?

At the opposite pole of error, perhaps, from those described above, are the far less numerous class who take delight in impressing their own ideas, prejudices, and preferences upon the plastic nature of any young child whom they may have sufficiently under their control. Egotism and love of power are at the root of this kind of "fondness." Such persons, if they know how to hold their natural proclivities well in check, may make good teachers; otherwise they are liable to develop into small tyrants. For it is the passion for ruling—the pleasure they find in having some creature under them to be made to do as *they* wish, and moulded into *their* ways, which causes them to like the care and company of a child, rather than love for the child itself. These delight in *teaching* the young, but not in *educating* them.

But some may here object: "How is anyone to guide a child except in the way in which she believes it

is right for it to go?" We answer, by not being too sure that our way is the only right way, and that every deviation from the same must necessarily be wrong. There is no doubt a fascination to some minds in being able, as it were, to hold the reins of another will, to urge, restrain, guide this way and that according to their individual ideas of what is right, or even the caprice of the moment. To such, the society and control of a docile child is a source of much gratification. But neither is this a worthy love of children.

Among a third class which we may name, there is frequently much more real affection than with either of the other two. They have a great craving for love, but with selfish exclusiveness, would always claim the place of first and best. To win the position of favourite aunt, most popular maid, or even best-loved parent, they will descend to meannesses and small immoralities which cannot but exert a bad influence upon the object of their tenderness. Not only will they condone serious faults, permit most injudicious transgression of important rules, excuse essential duties, and covertly obtain for the darlings forbidden indulgences, all to gain popularity for themselves, but will even sometimes sow seeds of dislike and mistrust of others, which may bear bitter fruit long after the little ones whom they have petted are grown up and gone their several ways in the world. The jealously fond mother will privately hint to her children, that father, or grandmamma, does not care for them as she does; the adoring elder sister will offer large bribes to "King Baby," to persuade him to confess with clinging arms that he loves her better than another sister or brother, and we have even heard of a nurse who for no other conceivable reason than this same selfish desire for pre-eminence in the affections of her charge, found means so to estrange it from members of its own family that the pouting lips were prone to say, even to a truly tender mother, "Don't want you! Go away! Want my Nannie!" Once more we ask, Can anything so utterly selfish and unprincipled be fitly called by the glorious name of *love*?

Are you fond of children, gentle mother, daughter, aunt, nurse, who may read these pages? Do you love to watch their bright faces, to joy in their joy? Do you strive to be patient and gentle, sympathetic and cheery with them even when your own head is heavy and your heart sad? Do you seek to sow the precious seed in their receptive hearts, prayerfully and tenderly, yet without weariness, and not impatient to see the fruit? Then are you indeed a lover of children. You are truly one of those who, receiving the little child in the name of Him, the "Holy Child Jesus," receives the Saviour Himself and the Father also; and the blessing of Father and of Son, with the earned but unsought love of the little ones, will rest upon you and circle around you now and for aye.

The Home of Taste.—How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! Taste resides not entirely with the upholsterer or the draper; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Good taste must always be most

graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lightened by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire, but to its members it will be a palace, far outvying the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

"THAT AWKWARD PHIL!"

BY A. STUART FLETCHER, AUTHOR OF "A MOTHER'S TREASURES," ETC.

It is a trying thing to be the only son in a family where all the rest are girls. Sometimes the boy is spoilt by having everything his own way—his mother adores him; his sisters make much of him; he is a little king in the household and "can do no wrong." At other times, though less often, the spoiling is of the opposite kind. And this was the case with poor Philip Sedley.

Phil was an ungainly boy, there was no denying it; and his sisters were all neat, nice-looking, and well-behaved. Mrs. Sedley, too, was a model of careful propriety, while Mr. Sedley shed quite an air of respect-

kinds of rubbish! We never make our rooms in such a state. Mayn't we clear it out, mother?"

"Phil, you positively make my head ache with whistling. There, now you've upset my work-basket! Oh, you awkward boy!"

Even Mr. Sedley seemed to forget he had once been a boy, and joined in the general chorus. Poor Phil from a little boy used to wonder why he was, with the best intentions, always doing wrong, and became more awkward and blundering in his penitence. It never seemed to strike any of them that the way to cure Phil's many faults was certainly *not* by continually grumbling at him.

With his employers Philip bore a good name for energy, willingness, and attention to business, but he was



"It's disgraceful; such a fellow isn't worthy of the name of man."

ability on the street as he walked down it every morning in his carefully buttoned frock coat, his spotless linen, and well-brushed hat. So it was all the more strange that Phil should be noisy in his manners, untidy in his ways, and a perfect genius for wearing his clothes into holes. Mrs. Sedley shook her head over the boy's escapades, while his sisters were always crying—

"Phil, do shut the door after you, and pray don't slam it."

"How can you make your clothes so untidy, Phil? And I *wish* you would wear gloves in the street."

"Philip, your room is in the most shocking mess with birds' eggs, stones, stamps, books, machinery, and all

too modest to tell them at home of the approving things that were sometimes said to him.

Phil had been one morning to the office, which was quite near, for an hour's work at the books before breakfast, and returned to the family meal in a state of great indignation.

"That great lazy Fred Griffiths," he cried, "Smith Bros. had to turn him off because he wouldn't stick to his work, and instead of exerting himself to get anything else he is actually living on his mother and sisters, and she a widow who has to earn her own living and his! It's disgraceful; such a fellow isn't worthy of the name of man."

Alas for the sympathy of his audience! As Philip uttered the last words he struck his clenched fist on the table, and over went his tea-cup upon the spotless damask!

"Spare your indignation, Philip, till you are more of a comfort to your own family," said Mr. Sedley, cuttingly, and awkward Phil left for his office with a crestfallen air.

If we only knew! If poor Mr. Sedley had foreseen the day's occurrences he would have spoken more kindly to his son. For those were his last words to Phil; he was killed in a railway accident the same day.

Then came Philip's testing-time. Very little was left to the family, barely enough to provide them with food, to say nothing of house and clothing. Poor Mrs. Sedley and the girls were almost heart-broken at leaving their comfortable home, but in the glimpse which she had of still worse possibilities the mother began to realise what a help and stay she had in her son. Philip worked early and late; his irrepressible energy was now devoted to the welfare of the family. He toiled at the office in the day, and reported meetings for the local

paper at night. When his sisters came in tired and jaded from their music lessons and type-writing, Phil was there with lively story or hopeful plan to cheer them. He took preternatural care of his clothes now; and they even found him cobbling his own boots after bedtime one night in the little chamber which was still more like a museum than a bed-room.

It was a hard struggle for the Sedleys, but they weathered it. And when the elder girls were married and the younger doing well at school, a dream came to Philip of a little home and a loving wife of his own. But he put it aside. There were the mother and the younger girls to provide for; he would think of himself by-and-by.

When the by-and-by came Philip was a grey-haired man, and the little wife to be, who had never known of Phil's hopes, had wed another. He lives with his old mother still, and he is still, in his own estimation at least, rather a clumsy, homely fellow. But to the mother, and to a colony of little nephews and nieces, there is no one to compare with "that awkward Phil."

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," ETC.



April 1st, 1895.

Y DEAR FRIENDS,—I am glad to see that you are responding so well to my offers of help. I have quite a string of questions from anxious mothers which come under the category of those I promised to make public, should they be of general interest.

One mother inquires what can be done to prevent chilblains, from which her little girl suffers very much. Now, first and foremost, chilblains arise from bad circulation, and all mothers and nurses should be careful that no child goes to bed with cold feet. To avoid this coldness, two or three minutes should be spent in the sharp rubbing of each foot and leg, either with the hand or with a piece of new flannel. Where this is impossible on account of time, the child should be put to bed during cold weather between blankets, discarding the sheets. When you see a child's limbs blue with cold, you may be certain that the blood is not flowing properly in those parts.

When I was a youngster I never had chilblains but twice, and the remedy used was one teaspoonful of muriatic acid mixed with nine teaspoonfuls of water. The mixture was kept in a tightly-corked bottle, and applied night and morning with as much vigour as if the rubber wished to reach the bone. It is an old-fashioned remedy, and must not, of course, be used if the chilblains are cracked; but if you apply it the moment you see a patch of red, shiny skin, I think you will have little trouble. I may as well add, that I have tried it once on my eldest boy, and it was as effectual as on me. Kindly be careful to keep the bottle out of the reach of the children, and away from all clothing or linen, otherwise I am afraid you will not give me your blessing.

My doctor advises rubbing unbroken chilblains with

paraffin, or painting them with tincture of iodine, but he says with me, "Rub, rub, rub," and the nasty chilblains will disappear. If they don't, and get cracked instead, ask your chemist to make up an ointment for you, containing one teaspoonful of Friar's Balsam and one tablespoonful of vaseline or lard, and apply it three times a day. By-the-by, no mother should be without this Friar's Balsam. It is invaluable when applied on a piece of lint or linen to stop the bleeding from cuts or falls; while it does more good in the treatment of bronchitic coughs than twice the amount of physic, if kept boiling in a bronchitis kettle at the rate of one teaspoonful to a pint.

* * * *

So much for one mother, now for another. Her report of her little girl aged about seven, whose case the doctor diagnosed as one of piles, and gave her ointment which made the poor child worse instead of better, is only an instance of the carelessness of some medical men. Having answered her fully by letter, I will only say, for the benefit of my other friends, that it is better always to take a child to a good hospital, where she will get the best attention in the world, than to take her to a second-rate doctor, who probably knows little more than the parent does, if she is anything like a mother.

* * * *

"Should children sleep during the day?" asks WIDE-AWAKE. Most certainly they should, for your sake as well as their own. There's a tremendous amount of truth in that old saying, "Oh, he's very good—when he's asleep." Let the babies be trained from the first to go to sleep at the same time, morning or afternoon. Some people prefer the latter, I know; but with a view to getting them all off to bed early in the evening, so that the place is tidied up ready for the husband and the wife is free to devote herself to him for a time, I always advise the morning. There will come a time,

as the youngster gets about eighteen months or so old, when he will inform you that he doesn't wish to go to bed any more. Never mind, don't you give in; he will have a cry for one or two mornings; don't lose your temper and spank him, but be firm and gentle. He will understand soon that he has to go into his bed at a certain time and stay there till you come and fetch him. You can't make him sleep, but you can make him rest; and considering the miles that youngsters walk during the time they are up, that is important. Besides, what a lot you can do in that hour when you know the young rascal is safe out of harm's way! Needless to say, you must not tax his patience too much if he does not sleep; half-an-hour to an hour is enough.

* * * *

The letter from an old friend at Torquay has given me much pleasure. I have been laid by a fortnight, so I cannot yet make the inquiries which she wishes me to make; but MRS. M—— may be sure that I will do all in my power when I am well enough to find out the kind young lady whom she still loves and respects for kindness shown to her years ago.

* * * *

People who are discontented with their state in life are often, I have noticed, very glib in their quotations from the Bible; but they never quote the words of Him who is King of Glory, yet who condescended to work for His

living as a carpenter, "The poor ye have always with you." Might not the thought, that in their very poverty they resemble Him, help many of them to bear their burdens? Here is a little poem to the point, teaching a lesson both to rich and poor. We might well let it be our watchword for this month:—

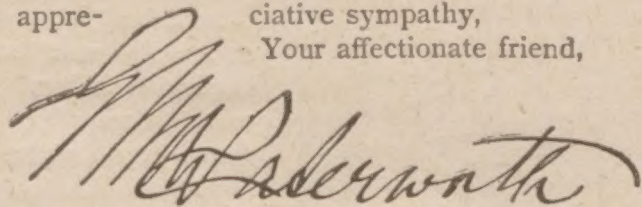
"There's not a yellow buttercup
Returning with the Spring,
But it can boast a golden crown
As bright as any king.

"The red rose and the lily fair
That charm our summer's day—
There's not a lady in the land
As finely dressed as they.

"They feel no proud, no foolish thought
Because they are so fair;
They wish for nothing, quite content
With sunshine and sweet air.

"God gave to them their colours bright,
To us faith, hope, and love,
And bade us fear the things of earth
And seek the things above."

With appreciative sympathy,
Your affectionate friend,



THE SIN OF FRETTING.

HERE is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere, and by everybody under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it.

Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the railway carriage, or in the street, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help.

Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it

is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, or ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort—there are plenty of things to fret about, if we are weak enough to heed trifles. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp look-out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks to fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above; and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

HELEN HUNT.

THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR.

NOBODY sits in the little arm-chair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother, gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dust of long ago
The bloom of the boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate;
And the lesson is hard to understand,
The figures to calculate;
But she sees the nod of the father's head,
So proud of his little son,
And she hears the words so often said,
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was here to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in her busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate;
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER.

It is interesting to note how largely blouse bodices are used with all kinds of toilettes. The variety both in material and style is endless; in fact, there is scarcely any material that cannot be utilised for these

becoming bodices. In many cases they are taking the place of jackets for outdoor wraps. Coloured and black velveteen is much used, as well as diagonal or smooth cloth that will harmonise with the skirt with which it is to be worn. Such blouses are made very full, and finished with a band at the waist, there being no basque. A silk or lace collarette should be worn, so as to give the necessary finish to the neck. One such body we saw was

extremely neat and yet dressy looking. There were three box-pleats down the centre, very slightly folded, so as not to make the figure look too bulky. The body reached only to the waist, and had a silk sash, six inches wide, on the left side, and graduated to

three on the right. Three large buttons of old-paste ornamented the front pleat.

The question of how to make our girls' dresses so as to be able to lengthen them when they become too short is one which often exercises the mind of the practical mother. A good way is to make the skirt quite separate from the body, and an inch or two longer than is necessary for present use. This extra length can be tacked under the body and let down when required.

Ladies' dress skirts are worn very wide, and are mostly trimmed either with panels of contrast or fancy stuff, or with rows round the bottom.

Mantles are mostly cut in a short cape shape. They fit closely on the shoulders, and fall in ample pleats below. Others are made in one straight piece added to a small fitting yoke or collar, and have two or three horizontal rows of trimming set on at intervals.

Fig. 11. Here we show a lady's dress made in plain and fancy material.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

The lining is made separate from the skirt, and is faced up about twelve inches with the plain stuff. The overskirt of fancy material is set on so as to form a point in front which reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt. There is a pleat on either side, and then the back is rounded at the bottom and set into pleats at the waist. The body is plain, and easy to make, having a sort of shoulder-strap set on at the open neck, forming a collar at the back. The front is filled in with a silk plastron and neck-band. The sleeve is balloon-shaped, and fits tight below the elbow. Narrow rows of velvet or braid can be used as trimming.



Fig. 13.

Fig. 12 is a little girl's serge dress. The skirt is lined throughout, and trimmed with two sets of three rows of braid. A fitting lining is made for the body, and over this the stuff is arranged like a sailor jacket, with

a sailor collar, which reaches to the waist in front. The front is made of striped flannel, and the sleeve is a puffed one, the cuff of which is finished with rows of braid.

Fig. 13. Here we have a girl's morning pinafore made in holland, with a band of striped material at the edge. Two lapels are used over the sleeve, and a sailor collar at the back also finishes the neck opening in front. The waist can



Fig. 14.

be drawn in with a band or sash of darker material, which is also used for a sailor knot in front.

Fig. 14. This illustration shows a dressy little pinafore made in nainsook muslin. One and a half widths of the muslin will make a pinafore for a child of, say five or six years, as nainsook is very wide. The only shaping is the little pieces shaped out of the arm-hole. The skirt piece is set into a rounded yoke piece, which is covered with two frills of muslin embroidery; a similar frill being used at the bottom of the pinafore also.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 11 and 12, 6½d. each; Figs. 13 and 14, 4½d. each. Address "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.